Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale miſtriſſe?
Doe you perceiue the ieaſtures of her eye?
Nay, an you ſtirre, we ſhall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you ſee Gentlemen? nay guiltineſſe
Will ſpeake, though tongues were out of vſe. *Enter* Emi.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Iag. *Caſsio* has here bin ſet on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are ſcap't,
Hee's almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Caſsio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring; prithee *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Caſsio* where he ſupt to night:
What, doe you ſhake at that?

Bia. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.

Iag. O did he ſo, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie vpon thee ſtrumpet.

Bia. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you, that thus abuſe me.

Em. As I; now fie vpon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe ſee poore *Caſsio* dreſt;
Come miſtreſſe, you muſt tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt;
Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light, and* Deſdemona *in her bed.*

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtarres:
It is the cauſe, yet I le not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcarre that whiter skin of hers then ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumentall alablaſter;
Yet ſhe muſt dye, elſe ſhee'l betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can againe thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,

Thou

Thou cunningſt patterne of excelling
I know not where is that promethian
That can thy light relumine: when I h
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It muſt needs wither; I le ſmell it on the
A balmy breath, that doth almoſt perſw
Iuſtice her ſelfe to breake her ſword: o
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will k
And loue thee after: one more, and this
So ſweet was ne're ſo fatall: I muſt we
But they are cruell teares: this ſorrow's
It ſtrikes where it does loue: ſhe wake

Deſ. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. I, *Deſdemona.*

Deſ. Will you come to bed my Lor

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *De*

Deſ. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your ſelfe of a
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace
Solicite for it ſtraite.

Deſ. Alas my Lord, what doe you m

Oth. Well, doe it, and be briefe, I wi
I would not kill thy vnprepared ſpirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill t

Deſ. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I doe.

Deſ. Then heauen haue mercy on me

Oth. Amen, withall my heart.

Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will n

Oth. Hum.

Deſ. And yet I feare you, for y'are fa
When your eyes roule ſo: why I ſhould f
Since guiltineſſe I know not, but yet I f

Oth. Thinke on thy ſinnes.

Deſ. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou dieſt.

Deſ. That deathe's vnnaturall, that k
Alas, why knaw you ſo your neather lip

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.